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## THE SACRED HEART.

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Heart of my Jesus, invaluable treasure,  
Wonderful fountain of heavenly love!  
Love without equal in bounty or measure  
Either on earth or in Heaven above,  
Be thou my love!

Fountain which issued that sanguine ablution,  
Laving the damnable world of its doom,  
Spreading o'er all by its bounteous suffusion  
Gladdening hope for the soul-killing gloom,  
Be thou my hope!

Prodigal fountain, so lavishly flowing,  
Yielding thy roseate treasure to all  
Hearts in this valley of misery, glowing  
With an unearthly devotion, that call:  
"Make thou us rich!"

Heart of my Jesus with sweet contemplation,  
Grateful forever we think of thy boon;  
But with a special profound adoration  
During thy beautiful season of June,  
Be thou adored!

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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AS the pleasure-seeking French delight to entertain themselves for hours in sprightly conversation or the philomusical Germans love to spend their leisure time in listening to nightingale melodies, so the freedom-loving Britons will devote their unemployed hours to reading. They love to climb the lofty flights of poetry; and yet they roam in the unlimited confines of the novel's domain with the greatest ease and satisfaction. Where the English are there the novel must also be. The author whose genius is far-reaching enough to gratify this desire is certain of success. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century interesting, soul-stirring novels, full of hair-breadth escapes and adventures, not too romantic, were few. Then appeared Goldsmith whose works were at once scattered broadcast over the land. The first publications of Sir Walter Scott's stories placed him in the first rank of English fictionists; his descriptions and characters of the Middle Ages are full of incidents, and the public received them favorably. The scenes lay however too far away; the modern mind longed for stories of a modern type, and not so much the romanticism of distant ages. This burning desire was soon to be quenched.

In the year 1811 there was born in the metropolis of India a child whose uncommon genius and energetic labors cast a lustre of immortality on English fiction. William Makepeace Thacke-

ray spent his childhood days in the place of his birth. To facilitate his education and give all possible scope to his latent talent his father sent him, then seven summers old, to England to be instructed under the supervision of the best tutors. Leaving Charterhouse School, where he had been taught the elementary branches, he entered Cambridge University, but departed before the completion of his course.

Unsteadiness of character and an uncontrollable youthful ambition to advance quickly on the path of fame were his chief characteristics on entering the battle of life. At first he fared ill. Having said farewell to his Alma Mater and patria, he left England on a continental tour: the sunny mountain sides of Italy and the romantic historic scenes of the city of the Caesars being his destined goal. Here he began to make sketches preparatory to espousing a painter's career. This pursuit, however, could not long be followed. Carelessness cost him his fortune; he was obliged to abandon his long-cherished occupation, although the foundation of his fame seemed assured, and to apply himself to such labors as his scanty means permitted. Soon afterwards he returned to England and entered the law-school of the Middle Temple; he was admitted to the bar in 1848. At this time he had already obtained some distinction as a man of letters, contributing numerous articles to journals, magazines and periodicals. The practice of law could not satisfy his aspirations. After a few years he quit the bar to devote the last half of his life to literature, and the many volumes



his ready pen has placed into every library tell how well in his advanced age he redeemed the ill-spent days of his youth.

His first productions were in poetry and prose, writing with equal facility in both; his inclination, however, was bent towards the latter, and without much hesitation he chose it for his vehicle. Not until that elaborate novel, "Vanity Fair," took the reading public by surprise, was the real name of the author whose essays and papers published in almost every journal fair Albion could claim—essays as humorous as their signature was novel and facetious—made known, and he enjoyed that popularity so well deserved by his incessant labors. This work, the masterpiece of his genius, elevated him to the pinnacle of English writers of fiction with a prominent place in the first rank of classic composers. His other works are inferior, but even they maintained the high standard and widespread reputation of their author. "The History of Pendennis", "The Virginians", and "The New-comers" are well worth the reading.

"Vanity Fair" is an ideal representation of British society of that period when Saxon patriotism was flushed with the pride of that bloody and dearly-bought victory which banished the French war-genius, Napoleon, from the European soil forever. Various are the scenes of the story, shifting from the quiet school-room at Chiswick Hall to the noble, even royal, society of Britannia's lords and sovereigns, then across the channel into the peaceful plains and less pretentious cities of Belgium. For a time the author even delighted

to revel in the Persian whirl of gayety. Weary of the occidental customs he leads the readers to Asia's distant shores, there to roam about in unpleasant wilds in the company of barbarians with no pleasures but the adventures of the tiger hunt. Such a multiplicity of scenes forecasts a lengthy novel, and such, indeed, is "Vanity Fair". But long and drawn out as Thackeray's works may be, one grows never weary reading them; like Dickens, "the most popular novelist of the century", he possessed that genius which unites humor with a happy succession of adventures that cannot but attract attention and be highly pleasing to the reader's imagination.

The delineation of Becky Sharp is the most complete character Thackeray has drawn. The author's plan was, indeed, not to represent in her a virtuous life. From first to last she is a calculating plotter, merciless hypocrite, capable of uttering any false words, perpetrating any perfidious action; her heart overflows with revolting sentiments, and she acts not the role of a prostitute but of a petticoat and heartless barrister. At school she treats her mistress with utter contempt, whilst Amilia, her companion, is amiable and pleasing. By fallacious intrigues Mrs. Becky gains admittance into the best society, but her unbounden selfishness casts her away, and she leads the life of a vagabond in the dregs of humanity, mostly at the gambler's board. Such is the heroine of "Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero." The author must have felt the aversion, as indeed the reader feels, towards his own chosen heroine, how

else could he have degraded her so deeply?

Amilia, Mr. Sedley's sensitive but attractive daughter, plays her part well. Many a trial and keen suffering are prepared for her, but she bears them heroically and is happy in the end. But alas! it is only the vanishing happiness of sensual love.

Thackeray's characters are almost always too low, at times even vulgar. This was the fault of the age. Is not the same too true of Charles Dickens and George Eliot? He takes his personages from the humbler walks of life and places them in the path of higher society without sufficient introduction into such society or too little acquaintance with the customs thereof. It is not his endeavor to elevate and give honor to the noble qualities of human nature, but to place the passions and sentimentality into the foremost rank. He always exposed the bad. There is villainy throughout the story, gambling, cheating, robbery, envy, and mortal hatred. In vain does Mr. Sedley, raving with enmity, complain after the "purse-proud villain in Russel Square" has brought about the ruin of his family: "There are vipers that you warm, and they sting you afterwards. There are some beggars that you put on horse back, and they are the first to ride you down." A materialistic sentiment flows through his works; too often he makes virtue an impossibility and vice a necessity. At times his people go to church or read the Bible; but alas, what sort of belief do they profess? In the same sentence the underlying thought is: All religion is a



sham, why not enjoy life?

Such in part is Thackeray. Yet the man seems not always to feel what the novelist reveals. Apart from his characters his thoughts flow in a different direction. Thus, after depicting Miss Crawley on her sick-bed, suffering delirious agonies and all atheistical horrors of death, he advises: "Picture to yourself, oh fair young reader, a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear. Picture her to yourself, and ere you be old, learn to pray."

Thackeray's works abound in descriptions, the most vivid and beautiful. An event that cannot but please the reader is the battle of Waterloo and its graceful connection with the story. In point of sublimity it may well be compared to Bulwer-Lytton's destruction of Pompeii. The valiant deeds on that bloody field can never be forgotten. Whilst the terrible battle was fought, cannons roared and thundered, fire flashes rent the air, heroic soldiers fought and fell, "Amelia was praying for George who was lying on his face, dead, with bullet through his heart."

TITUS F. KRAMER, '00.



TO MY LOVE.  

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I'll sing in humble, unpoetic strain  
The sweetness of my love, the virtues, worth,  
And merits of my only love on earth  
To whom I'll aye and ever true remain.

Though native of a conquered Spanish isle,  
I love her none the less: she is more fair  
Than all the charming belles and beauties rare  
That ever tempted youth with winsome smile.

The poet sings in sentimental lay  
The sense-bewitching fragrance of the rose,  
Of ev'ry aromatic shrub that grows:  
My humble love is sweeter far than they.

Whene'er her sweet and balmy breath I breathe  
I fancy me in Arab's tropic fields  
Where ev'ry bush and shrub aroma yields,  
Or think myself a bee on richly blooming heath.

I see my love aglow and all on fire,  
As soon as I but draw her near to me,  
Consuming self to give me joy and cheer:  
Her virtues lie beyond the poet's lyre.

Awake I think of her and in my dream:  
My bouyant heart is filled at ev'ry sight  
Of her with thoughts of joy and pure delight.  
To know her near is all but bliss supreme.

Her gentle presence chases all my ills,  
Converts the very wrongs of life to joy,  
And purifies delights of base alloy,  
Till all my soul with boundless rapture thrills.

It seemed an age Elysian—ev'ry hour—  
I envied not a king upon his throne—



Which I have spent with her and her alone  
Reclining in a fragrant moon-lit bower.

Such were the times; the times are such no more.  
A searching eye grew envious of my bliss,  
Divorced me of my love—I sorely miss  
The charming days I spent with her of yore.

Ah, trouble-chasing, care-expelling friend,  
Dividing sorrows, doubling joys, return!  
Ah, soothing balm for all my wounds, I yearn  
For thee: on thee my ev'ry thought I bend!

In sad mishap, when ev'ry friend was far  
Away or false, I fled to thee and found  
A wholesome balm for e'en the sorest wound,  
My sun, my moon, my lonely guiding star!

Whilst thou wert near the very blackest night  
Had one illumined spot which would expel  
The darkness, but since thou art gone, I dwell  
In gloom, and all is dark that once was bright.

Who once has known thy charms must long and sigh  
For thee and live unrestless, moody, lone.  
Be cross, dissatisfied, complain, make moan  
Till thou, his highest good, again art nigh.

You marvel, reader, what enchanting elf  
This love of mine, so rich in witching charms,  
Can be: to solve your doubts, your fears, alarms,  
I'll doff the veil and show her humble self.

The world around knows well her spotless fame:  
A fairer sister she to lovely "Pipe";  
In slang the world has often called her "Snipe",  
"Havana" is her proper maiden name.

A RALEIGHITE.



TENNYSON'S "QUEEN MARY".

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"Es hat ja auch die Sonne ihre Flecken."—LUDWIGS.

**O**F the almost innumerable stars whose lustre has increased the magnificence of our literary horizon during the Victorian era Tennyson is generally acknowledged as the sun, the centre to which all the lesser lights converge, the sun whose influence is, to some extent at least, felt by all other luminaries of the age.

Tennyson is found in every library. He is read not only by a class of men, but by the people. We love to linger in his company. Who has not whiled away a pleasant hour reclining in a cozy bower or stretched on the dew-begemmed sward neath a group of shady trees, thus dreamily reviewing those soft, lovely pictures so daintily executed by the author in his "Princess"? Who has not lived over and over again the chivalric age of Arthur and his knights? Who in a lone and weary hour has not gathered thoughts of consolation from that most noble of elegiacs in which this master-artist proved the nobility and unearthliness of true love? Who has not sympathized with the brave, heroic, noble-souled English sailor, Enoch Arden?

The faultless finish of form, the exquisite sense for rythm, the delicacy of feeling and temperament, the filmy gauze of beauty ensnaring his every verse,—all this conjures to make Tennyson's poetry highly pleasurable. The loftiness of his

themes often adds to these charms. In his "Idylls of the King", for instance, he has reared himself a monument of everlasting greatness. Every English heart and every Catholic heart beats higher and with a deeper sense of gratefulness and admiration toward the English laureate at the contemplation of these truly Catholic ideas so poetically expressed in the "Idylls".

We would fain continue to sing anthems of unstinted praise to the memory of the bard whom we owe so much. However, no mortal is without his foibles, his weaknesses, his faults. Our poet is not exempt. Tennyson enriched English literature with a number of excellent dramatic monologues, of which "Locksley Hall" is a fair sample. In consequence of his success in this mode of composition the poet probably cheated himself into the belief that his were the talents of a dramatist.

He tried to wing himself into the exalted regions where Shakespeare listened to the whispers of his muse; the attempt was icarian, the result failure. As a lyric poet Tennyson has few rivals; as a dramatist he cannot compete with the best. A dramatist to be successful must divest himself entirely of his own personality; he must, as it were, permit his characters to have their own way about things. He must be objective rather than subjective. It is here that Tennyson fails. His characters are vague, undetermined, while a little of the poet's self cleaves to every one of them.

A drama should never be made the vehicle of the author's philosophy or individual notions. It must be true to life. If it be historic, the author



must be truthful to history. He may indeed change accidentals to suit his dramatic muse, but the essence of the whole, the manners, customs, and character of the people described must be those of true history. This disregarded, the composer of the historic drama sins no less than the avowed historian would. Today we study history in the library, in the theatre, in the painter's atelier, and the sculptor's studio. In every case we search for truth, and we have a right to demand it of every artist. Here especially Tennyson must plead guilty.

Before us we see his three historic dramas, "Harold", "Becket," and "Queen Mary". After a careful study of them we feel inclined to affirm that it is a pity for the years the poet spent in their composition. At least, we are certain the world would be richer today, had he instead bent his genius upon some subject in his native sphere,—the lyric. Viewed from a purely dramatical standpoint we should hardly call these plays failures. "Harold" and "Becket", at least, do not deserve this censure. The former of the two contains several dramatic scenes, interesting, crisp, forcible; the latter, which, in our opinion, is the fairest index of Tennyson's ability as a playwright, has by some few more lenient critics been styled a success. It exhibits passages which are quite worthy of the epithet successful. Reading the prologue, for example, one may even cheat himself into the belief that he hears some faint echoes of the bard of Avon. This power, however, is by no means sustained throughout. "Queen Mary",

Tennyson's most voluminous drama, is at the same time the weakest. There are few, if any, lines that would be worthy of Shakespeare; the play contains not one really strong, powerful character.

If we demand truthfulness to history in the playwright all three productions are open to sharp censure. In "Harold" the hero speaks at times like a disciple and admirer of the most radical reformers, even as a nineteenth century nullifidian. Tennyson's Becket in contrast to the eminently humble Becket we meet in English history, is all but a paragon of haughtiness; to stigmatize the demeanor of bishop Gardiner in "Queen Mary", he is called "as proud as Becket". In "Queen Mary", which we have singled out for a closer analysis, most of the main characters are much perverted.

As we have remarked, all of Tennyson's characters have something of their author's self in their make-up. But the sympathy of the non-Catholic bard, poet laureate at a non-Catholic court, naturally is on the side of the reformers. It would seem that the bigoted, anti-Catholic, absolutely unreliable Hume and his gang had found more credence with Tennyson than the plain, unimpassioned, clear-sighted, impartial, outspoken, and thoroughly English model historian, Dr. Lingard. More than one of the foundationless tales circulated by the lying Fox has crept into the play under consideration. We should hardly believe that the charming characters in the "Idylls" and the repulsive, hateful Queen Mary were drawn by the same pen. Surely, in the former case it was Dr. Jackyll that

painted the beautiful scenes, while in the latter it is Mr. Hyde sketching a caricature.

In Tennyson's drama Queen Mary is represented as a silly, love-sick, weak woman. The fifth scene of the first act shows us the stately queen kissing the miniature of the "most goodly, kinglike" Philip and doting on her beloved. At the end of the same scene when returning from the council chamber, where she placed "the formal offer of Prince Philip's hand" before the house, she exclaims: "Ah! My Philip is all mine!" and "sinks into a chair, half fainting." In the last scene of the fifth act her wandering mind is again occupied with her Philip. "'I am dying, Philip,' " she writes; "'come to me; come, come, come;' and all awry and blotted with her tears." Then the thought recurs to her that her Spanish husband was not one hour true to her—

"Foul maggots crawling in a festered vice!

Adulterous to the very heart of hell!"

In a fit of rage she cuts out Philip's picture, throws it down, and then wails: "O my God, I have killed my Philip!"

Such is Tennyson's Queen Mary as a woman; let us contemplate her as queen. In going about his work, the author seems to have started out with a view to prove true the proposition that the Catholic queen is truly and deservedly cognominated "bloody".

Not to mention anything previous, at the end of the second act a messenger announces the capture of the instigators of the first insurrection against her:



"To the tower with him!

To the tower with her!"

is the immediate verdict.—

"My foes are at my feet and I am Queen!"

"And your so loving sister?"—"She shall die.

My foes are at my feet and Philip King."

In the second act, first scene, we read:

"The 'Thou shalt do no murder' which God's hand

Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubbed out pale;—

She could not make it white, and over that

Traced in the blackest text of Hell, 'Thou shalt'—

And singed it—Mary."

Mary's reply to Paget's pleading for the life of Cranmer sounds the note of revenge:

"Did not More die and Fisher? he must burn."

Howard.—"He hath recanted, Madam!"

Hear the sarcasm in the queen's reply:

"The better for him,

He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell."

She is told that Cranmer once saved her life. No feeling of gratitude in her heart of flint: "The heretic must burn!"

The queen is still an upholder of the famous principle that the people ought to be kept in ignorance:

"His learning makes the burning the more just."

In the fifth act, first scene, she is willing to burn more heretics simply to keep Philip with her. After all this show of cruelty she accuses herself of culpable leniency:

"O God! I have been too slack! too slack!

There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—

Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt

The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath—

We have so played the coward; but by God's grace  
We'll follow Philip's leading and set up  
The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,  
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire! Burn!"

And from Howard, Catholic himself, while debating the relative cruelty of the different parties, we learn, "that the Catholic if he have the greater right, hath been the crueller."

Ponder, if you list, over a picture like the following, drawn, mind you, by one of Tennyson's Catholics:

"I have seen heretics of the poorer sort  
Expectant of the rack from day to day,  
To whom the fire were welcome, lying chained  
In breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,  
Fed with rank bread that crawled upon the tongue,  
And putrid water, every drop a worm,  
Until they died of rotted limbs; and then  
Cast on the dunghill naked, and become  
Hideously alive again from head to heel:  
Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit  
With hate and horror."

Such is Tennyson's Mary as a Catholic and a Queen.

For the sake of a comparison, or a contrast if you will, let us cast a glance at Queen Mary as presented by impartial historians. To disregard the rather spicy and somewhat pro-Catholic Cobbett, we have consulted such men as Lingard, Alzog, Weiss, and a few others, whose reliability and utter impartiality has never been questioned.

It is a sad truth, which we cannot deny, that Queen Mary was a persecutor for religion's sake. We cannot whitewash the Queen's character of this sanguineous blot. If we should disregard the

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age in which she lived, the circumstances in which she found herself, if we should view Mary as we do Victoria, in other words, if we were to judge Mary as a nineteenth century queen, then we should justly call her cruel and bloody. But (*sub rosa*) do not some nineteenth century potentates shed incomparably more blood "in the cause of humanity" than Queen Mary ever caused to flow for conscience' sake? And what did Mary's persecution after all amount to? It was nothing more than the practical application of a theory, the justice of which was at her day upheld by the foremost men of every religious denomination; though Spanish friars remonstrated against the persecution and persuaded the court to leniency. The victims of the famous fires of Smithfield are set down as 279. This is the maximum. Of this number many were avowed criminals, traitors, conspirators, and men of low character. But a small number suffered for conscience' sake solely; which number dwindles into insignificance when placed aside the hundreds that fell victims to the caprice, revenge, avarice, etc., of her successor, the virgin queen. The wretched Henry VIII. condemned to death nearly one thousand, among whom were some of the very best men England has ever produced. During Mary's reign not one subject suffered to satisfy the revenge, lust, avarice, or any other vice of the regent. Nor must we forget to plead in palliation of her demeanor the numberless provocations offered her on all sides, and the precarious situation in which she found herself. And especially should we remember that,



this one fault excepted, the queen's character was absolutely reproachless. Historians call her kind, clement, grateful, generous, noble-spirited, and of a deep, sincere piety, compassionate towards the poor, liberal to those in distress, cheerful, patient, and resigned in her last illness,—all in all one of the best and noblest, if not one of the ablest, of English sovereigns. At her accession she remitted the taxes, restored the corrupted currency to its former value charging all debt to the treasury, relinquished the title to all church property which had been vested in the crown, raised impoverished families robbed during the preceding reigns to opulence, procured an education for poor talented children, etc, etc. Her sister Elizabeth she always treated with kindness and distinction. After the first conspiracy, when a list of twenty-six leaders was presented her, she instantly cancelled all the names but eleven, permitted only seven of them to be tried, of which number but three arch-insurgents suffered capital punishment, —an example of leniency, Lingard says, for a parallel to which you might, in her age at least, vainly search the world over. Queen Mary was of a firm, dignified character. When at Wyatt's insurrection the whole capital was wavering, when her councillors to the last man were irresolute, the queen alone by her dignified appearance restored perfect peace and order in the city. Mary also abandoned the "Progresses" or royal excursions, which during the preceding reigns had been a cause of great expense to the people. With a vigorous hand she effectually suppressed the companies of foreign

merchants which in their baneful influence bore a remarkable resemblance to the trusts that are today eating up our nation. She also ordered her chief justice to conduct cases in which the crown should be a party in the same manner as if she were a subject thus voluntarily relinquishing a privilege hitherto enjoyed by the sovereigns. In her sincere zeal to promote the happiness of her subjects, to uphold the honor of the nation, and to increase its greatness, Queen Mary stands second to none of all the English kings or queens.

We might continue to expostulate on the merits of this much-abused queen, but what has been said is more than sufficient to prove that it is rank injustice to make prominent, as Tennyson has done, the one sole fault of a person and relegate to the background all the virtues and noble qualities of her character.

The other characters of Tennyson's drama fare little better. To be brief, the Catholic bishops are represented as cruel, blood-thirsty. We know, however, that Gardiner was not cruel, and Bonner was even eminently lenient. King Philip appears haughty, disliking the English, and disliked by them, cold, even sarcastically so, toward his most loving spouse, with a morality of a very dubious kind; all of which, historically taken, is downright calumny. Tennyson's Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, felons, traitors, and abject wretches though they were, are pictured by a model Catholic, mind you, as martyrs, "more like the early fathers of the church than heretics of this day."

Tennyson's historic dramas do not raise our

estimation of his artistic abilities, while our love and esteem for him as a man and a Christian is decidedly lowered. However, remembering that there is no sun without its spots, and considering that he has done so very much for which we are deeply indebted to him, we are inclined to forgive and forget, rather than execrate the poet for the injustice he has done Queen Mary and the Catholic cause in general by the misrepresentations we meet in his dramatic productions.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.

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A LESSON.

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Be glad as birds are brisk and free  
 And unconcerned as is the flower;  
 A gloomy temper steals the hour:  
 Be glad as birds are brisk and free.  
 A wholesome spice is mirth and glee  
 That beacons us from ev'ry bower:  
 Be glad as birds are brisk and free  
 And unconcerned as is the flower.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

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MAKE HASTE.

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The time is short; be up and doing;  
 The years are past: but few remain  
 In which to reap immortal gain.  
 The time is short; be up and doing.  
 Fresh toils await thee; hours are going;  
 You'd fain recall the past again.  
 The time is short; be up and doing;  
 The years are past, but few remain.

ILDEPHONSE J. RAPP, '99.



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## IS THE STUDY OF THE GREEK CLASSICS NEEDED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR LITERATURE?

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THIS question, though often ridiculed and sneered at by men who should know better, has for the last fifty years occupied the minds of all those who have at heart both the development of a national literature and the higher education of American youth. Our literature,—if we may speak of a national literature,—is but a poor thing, and, placing it aside the English, it is nothing but another chapter added to the latter. The number of bright scholars and thoroughly trained minds of this country does scarcely exceed five. “Of this number”, Bishop Spalding remarks, “Emerson is our most thinking mind, and Emerson is incomplete in many ways.”

Biassed minds, not being able to detect the real obstacle that impedes the burgeoning and growth of our literature, would have us believe that it has begun too late to be the rival of the English, German, and French literature. In my opinion this excuse is rather vague and even a lazy one; for, even admitting that there be some truth in it when speaking of England and France, this truth vanishes altogether when we come to speak of Germany. Her literature began but a century ago under Klopstock and Lessing, and today it ranks foremost among the modern literatures, and might well be compared with the

Greek and Latin. Bishop Spalding says: "Though Germany's literature began but a short time ago, it is one of the most interesting, the most thorough, the most complete, and the most scientific. The most exhaustive books on any subject are written in Germany. They (the Germans) are the students of the world."

Since from this we may safely conclude that shortness of time has very little to do with the slow progress of our literature, we must needs look for something else that may have obstructed its growth. Of the current opinions which touch on this point the most common one held and approved of is: that in our higher institutions of learning altogether too little attention is given to the study of the Greek classics. The soundness of this opinion cannot be doubted, and to have it proved negatively, we need only refer to the Roman, English, German, and French literature.

The Romans of old modeled their literature according to that of the Greeks. "Rome saw the Greek models and imitated the Greek formula." Take the literatures of England, Germany, and France; and by closely studying them you will find that they, like that of the Romans, are based upon the Greek classics. Comparing them, no substantial difference is ascertained. They vary only in so far as they are reflected in a different light.

"In the realms of thought the Greeks are the civilizers and emancipators of the world; and whoever thinks is to some extent their debtor."

Rome, England, Germany, and France, when

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about to create a literature of their own realized of what great importance it was for them to have a thorough knowledge of the Greek classics. To the detriment of our literature most of our would-be educators seem not to realize this importance. Narrow-minded as they are, they ignore the thought that our youths who with a will devote themselves to the study of the old Greeks, a people which not only is most highly gifted of all, but is also endowed with the keenest intellectual faculties, and in which the feelings, hopes, and fancies of a noble, and great-hearted youth are united,—will not fail to imbibe and be characterized by the same excellent qualities. What is there that would more readily stimulate the student at college or at the university “to prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom”, than a complete knowledge of the Greek language and its classics? It develops his mind, ennobles his thoughts, enkindles in him love toward a Supreme Being, aids him to know man’s various relations toward the universe and its Creator, and shows him the source of untainted joy and pleasure. Even in the sphere of religion those venerable old Greeks could teach our would-be literary men a salutary lesson. Would they who try their very best to do away with all their fanatic intellect cannot grasp, not blush and retrace their daring steps on learning that the Greeks of old, buried as they were in Paganism, fearlessly taught and still teach “the indispensable truth that man’s first relations is to a Divine Being and that out of this grow all other rela-



tions to his fellow-men?" How would our literary men dare to make realism, positivism, liberalism,—which of late have done great harm to our national spirit,—the focus of all our interests, if they during their college years had been acquainted with the Greek classics who make the eternal right and wrong of things founded in the Divine Nature, the pivot of all their interest, who point out to us as clearly as possible that man is dependent of a Divine Being and that this Supreme Being is not nature itself (as many of our literary men would have us believe) but beyond it. The deeper the student lives in these truths, the loftier and fuller will be his thoughts, the more valuable his literary productions; and the profounder the indwelling of those truths in him, the sublimer and profounder will be his power of variety.

Unless the study of the Greek language and its classics be introduced in all our higher institutions of learning and more attention awarded to it both by the teacher and the scholar, our literature as such cannot prosper. Our literary productions will lack those things which give them their paramount value; namely, the sense of proportion and beauty, the heroic temper, the philosophic mood, the keen relish for enterprise, and the joyful love of life. We, as a nation, though possessing all that material progress can offer, shall have no intellectual characters to balance this material growth, "matter will prevail over the spirit", and we shall become inferior to our setting.

CYRIL C. MOHR, '00.

A RHYMSTER'S ANSWER.

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What about the Muses' fount  
On that sunny southern mount,—  
Hippocrene—is it drained?  
Are its crystal waters stained?  
Why do you no longer sing  
Like of yore of love and spring?  
Why no longer me rejoice  
With your sweet poetic voice?

This reproachful flattering quest  
Made a friend in gentle jest.  
Worthy friend for my reply  
I shall put another why.  
Why do birds but sing in May  
Being mute in winter day?  
But the real cause thy bird  
Is not any longer heard  
May with little waste of time  
Be expressed in artless rhyme.

If the poet's lyre I smote,  
If a single line I wrote  
Better than the common trash—  
If my thought revealed a flash  
Of the true poetic fire:  
I but touched the tuneful lyre  
Guided by that hand of thine  
Ever gently leading mine.  
Thou hast been my only muse,  
Now my brain and pen refuse  
To compose a pleasant lay,  
For my muse is fled away.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.

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### “PLEASURES OF HOPE.”

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MR. Campbell, the poet, inspired by the gentle touch of the goddess of Hope has deigned to shed her iridescent light around us in plain and simple language. He truly uttered great thoughts in a plain yet captivating style, because they were familiar to his soul. His imagination seizes upon the pure, the noble, the beautiful, the elevated, the majestic, but it is always true to nature.

The vital touch, the image of the rising hope is introduced with admirable felicity by comparing the far distant objects in the heavens with a beautiful landscape interspersed with mountains and valleys, rocks and cliffs. Proceeding thus, he calls upon Wisdom to lend her powerful aid to the weary heart, but sadly disappointed turns his whole mind to the sole power of hope;

“With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;  
Thine is the charm of life’s bewildered way  
That calls each slumbering passion into play.”

Ravished at such a sight he cannot abstain from confiding his affections to her by exclaiming in a fit of joy:

“Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreathes for each toil, a charm for every woe.”

The poet’s imagination begot image after image in his mind; here the old fearless pilot facing a storm on the vast ocean, there the picture of a “march-worn soldier” at the eve of engagement. Each centers his loving affections for home in the



auspicious destiny of Hope, "hailing in the heart the triumph yet to come." Indeed the poet tries to make everything depending on her bounty:

"Go child of Heaven! (thy winged words proclaim)  
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame."

As a stranger and uncompromising enemy of oppression and tyranny, he repeatedly expresses his supreme contempt at the shameful act of the dismemberment of Poland. Here indeed he seems to admit that

"Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

Being dejected at beholding such a crime what other thought could take possession of his mind but the question:

"Shall crime and tyrants cease but with the world?"

Very truly Macaulay says: "If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever." But nevertheless a man under the cruel dominion of slavery stands in need of hope, of being kindly treated, which will, at least to some extent, dignify and sweeten his misery.

Unawed by the presence of grandeur, Hope in all difficulty finds a way that is to be pursued and adhered to. Campbell well understood how to reverence the afflictions of a good man, for his sorrows are sacred. Conscious of his own importance, he could oppose violence of whatever kind with as much firmness as an encroachment of his own personal prerogative.

But then, what touches of tenderness are those which suddenly surprise us in the numbness and

trance after such grave thoughts and reflections? When the poem has reached its high of emotion, a change ensues. The unexpected gentle turn leads the musing eye again to a "home of rest and to a shelter of defence."

In the second part of his poem the poet expresses his religious belief in a future life, a characteristic quality of his, not to be overlooked in a poet living in an age of scepticism like Campbell. But the nearest approach to perfect excellence does not exempt men from being subject to some defects. This appears especially in changing the scenes of his descriptions rather too abruptly, which may make it difficult at times to follow his trend of thought.

But considered as a whole he sketched the main descriptions on a scale of unsurpassed magnificence. They appear like reliefs wrought by a master's hand. It is easily observed that the poet's eye was keenly sensitive to the external as well as the internal world. Impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest end, he has succeeded happily in his master poem. Noble and firm in the rejection of evil or compromise, patient in sufferings, filled with compassion and a universal love, he never desponds in misfortune. All these traits are shown to us in words and verse of the sweetest harmony.

Under the inspiration of great feeling, he gave one of the most exquisite conclusions, that ever graced any poem, to the "Pleasures of Hope":

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
Pealed their first note to sound the march of time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—  
 When all the sister planets have decayed:  
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below:  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile."

Thus he was enabled to "swell the hearts to rapture unconfined." Truly, "Pleasures of Hope" is a poem as original as any gem in English literature, and well deserving the applause awarded it by the greatest men of Campbell's time and our own.

HUBERT SEIFERLE, '00.

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FAITH.

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A God there is, our Father dear,  
 In whom we trust with confidence:  
 We say with love and reverence  
 A God there is, our Father dear.  
 Within our soul a voice we hear  
 Which tells in words of faith's defence  
 A God there is, our Father dear,  
 In whom we trust with confidence.

PROTUS L. STAIERT, '99.

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'T IS EASILY DONE.

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In joy all things are bright and sweet.  
 But sadness mars what pleasure brightens.  
 Do not retreat when labor frightens,  
 In joy all things are light and sweet.  
 It needs but eight iambic feet;  
 Eight lines, so each the beauty heightens.  
 In joy all things are light and sweet.  
 But sadness mars what beauty brightens.

ILDEPHONSE J. RAPP, '99.



# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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✎ It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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HERMAN FEHRENBACH, '98,

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99,

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '01.

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## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

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In Antony Wagner of the class of '96 who will be ordained this June, the college sends its first Alumnus into the ranks of the clergy. Mr. Wagner completed his theological course at St. John's Seminary, Minnesota. His class-mates and friends will rejoice with him in his new honors. The COLLEGIAN extends the Rev. Wagner hearty wishes for a useful and honorable life in orders.

After the strain of examination week the graduates of St. Aquino Hall were not at all loathe to accept their Rev. prefect's suggestion of a day's outing on the Iroquois. The eight members went as far as possible from the college so as to be entirely free from its odors of angles, syntax, and like unpleasant remembrances. At noon Fathers Bonaventure and Benedict followed with the necessary edenda. For the first time in weeks we enjoyed a loaf without any evil anticipation looming up to spoil the serenity of the occasion. The day will be packed among gracious memories, and remain a tribute to the thoughtfulness of Father Bonaventure.

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So many people take it upon themselves to drop hints to others on the correct way to read that he may be reckoned among back numbers who has not said his say on the subject. The consideration leads us to venture a few remarks on a phase of the question requiring little sharpness of judgment.

To us it seems that the dramatic, or as it may loosely be termed, the picture painting faculty, is receiving poor treatment at the hand of both reader and author. Not that this faculty does not receive enough subject matter; it is rather sickened by profusion. In the days of Shakespeare there was no stage settings such as burden the stage of today. The same scene served for every act; the spectators were made aware of the change by a card which was hung up on the stage and which bore the name of the place such as: "This

is the Forest of Arden." The actors were supposed to create the atmosphere proper to the play. Today our Mansfield drags a special train of eight coaches round the country to carry the material necessary for the setting of the butterfly passages between Cyrano and Roxane. The effect of this profusion of scenery is want of powerful dramatists and no dramatic clientele to patronize the one that first makes his appearance. Hawthorne's Marble Faun provided only the outlines of a picture, and left its readers the chance to develop the dramatic instinct by filling in and coloring the details. A passion for broad effects also indicates the general want of subtlety in things artistic. When Maude Adams played Juliet with the simplicity and easy graciousness native to the character, a great cry went up from the dramatic critics, to whose blunt perceptions actresses had been catering by endowing Juliet with a sweep of mature passion which the lines do not at all indicate.

For these reasons we think that a prime consideration in choosing a book should be the opportunities for dramatic growth which its reading will give. Above all should be shunned the Armado who sees: "a female, a daughter of our mother Eve, or for thy more sweet understanding, a woman."

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

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EXCHANGES.

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One of our exchanges scores the FORDHAM MONTHLY severely, yet not unjustly, when it remarks in substance that each succeeding number of the MONTHLY seeks a lower level of merit. In the number before us there is little indeed that is deserving of appreciative comment. Of the literary matter the most note-worthy is perhaps the characterization of Dickens' David Copperfield. The papers on Reading are falling into a pedantic vein the last installment being innocent of a single original hint. Then, too, the propriety of inserting articles from magazines, however timely they may be, is a questionable policy, for thereby the very end of a college journal is thwarted.

THE TAMARACK for May contains much readable matter of which not the least interesting is the affirmative side of a debate on territorial expansion. However much we disagree with the author's views (and we quite disagree with every one) we have nothing but praise for his composition as such. The style is free and easy; the arguments are well grouped. Mr. Milligan writes better prose than verse however, if we may take his lines on Evening as a standard of his verse. In the poem mentioned there are noticeable a deficiency in technique and triteness in thought. "King Louis" is a short pleasing sketch, in which the author says much in a few words.

If there is one thing admirable about our old

friend, the AGNETIAN MONTHLY, it is the absence of all priggishness and conceit; still we would suggest that the editors give a literary tone to more of their articles.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

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### PERSONALS.

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As we go to the press we are glad to acknowledge the presence of such distinguished visitors as the Very Rev. B. Austermann, ex-Provincial, C. PP. S.; the Very Rev. H. Drees, ex-Provincial, C. PP. S.; Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S., and Rev. George Hindelang, C. PP. S.

The Very Rev. B. Austermann was the immediate predecessor of Father Henry Drees, as Provincial, and during the space of six years most faithfully fulfilled the duties incumbent upon that important office. He has the honor of being the fourth oldest living priest of the Community of the Precious Blood. His chief characteristics are faithfulness and energy, and this it is that has made him one of the most beloved and respected Fathers of the Community. At present he is stationed at the Convent of Himmelgarten, Ohio.

The Very Rev. Henry Drees was the late Provincial of the Community, serving three successive terms, from 1880—1898, which is a record not soon to be broken and which shows the esteem and appreciation for a man fully able to assume the duties of any office that might be imposed upon


him. He has always been an ardent friend of the College, has paid us many visits, and we extend him a hearty welcome for many more in the future. Having been succeeded last autumn by the present Provincial, the Very Rev. B. Russ, Father Henry has charge of the St. Aloysius parish, Carthage, Ohio.

It is with much pleasure that the Faculty and students welcome back to our halls for a few days the Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg. Father Stanislaus was Spiritual Director of St. Aquino Hall, and is remembered as very kind and jovial, whose rebukes even were always entirely free of any harshness, and whose genial disposition greatly endeared him to the student body. It was in February, '97, that Father Stanislaus was sent to take charge of a large, promising parish, Sedalia, Mo., where, we are glad to learn, great success has attended his labors.

Rev. George Hindelang is a very able young priest, and has been laboring at various places, everywhere showing his abilities as an earnest faithful worker. He is now on his way to Ohio, where he will be given charge of a large parish.

The band considered it but a pleasant duty to put in their best, in the way of entertaining the Rev. visitors by an open air concert, the two successive evenings we had the honor of their presence.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '02.





## AN IDEAL PICNIC.

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That adage which speaks about the occasional unstringing of the bow is a very trite one and as old, we presume, as Mathusala. Still it is not to be despised; its age and triteness but prove its solid truth. Such a relaxing of the bow for a student is a picnic day. Entirely to abandon for a day every earthly care and trouble after all the faculties have been stretched to the highest possible tension in getting ready for the final push in June, that really does a person good, physically and intellectually, and more good than many a one may think.

Up to this time the site of our annual picnic always was a grove somewhere near the College premises, which had one disadvantage: the College spires would loom up through the glens and glades and every once in a while remind one of the unpleasant fact, that classes and examinations and a few more weeks of College routine would follow that one blessed day, thus thrusting a person from the realms of Utopia headlong into the stern realities of Collegeville life.

But the world is progressive, they tell us. And it would seem, we are going by a geometrical progression. Thanks to the generosity of our Rev. Faculty, the seventh of June was set apart for an excursion to the beautiful pleasure grounds at Cedar Lake, Ind.

It would be waste of time were we to speak

of the rounds of applause the Rev. Rector received upon finally announcing this fact on the evening of the 6th. However, the outing was to depend on one condition, fair weather. We do believe on that evening some few even of those that as a rule wisely leave the management of the weather to higher authority, tried, upon the suggestion of the Rev. Rector, to work themselves into the good graces of "Him who sends rain and sunshine." Their prayers may have been successful. At any rate the weather was such as the wisest of mortals would have ordered for an ideal outing.

Needless to say, at seven A. M. the great majority of the inmates of the College promptly presented themselves at the Rensselaer depot. The train was scarce in motion when the rattle of the cars and the puffing of the engine were drowned by the furious and everlasting repetition of the College yell. Then followed a number of spirited songs from Father Benedict's and Father Justin's collections of national airs, English and German. As an intermezzo some patronizers of "Duke's Mixture", bad taste though they may show, lit up the sacred fire; thanks to the better taste of many of our puffers, the boy in blue left considerably more Havanas than morning papers among the excursionists.

Once at Cedar Lake every one proved by his behavior that he had come there with a purpose—the purpose to enjoy the day. The Rev. Rector hired a number of boats for the whole day. After that not an hour but the lake was dotted with a whole fleet of skiffs, rowed by the most daring naval

heroes of Collegeville. To skim over the waters along with the waves was a pleasure even for the men at the oars: but how to return a numerous crew the same route against the winds and waves was made the subject matter of a serious meditation by more than one of our navigators. One crew consisting of very prominent members had quite a variety of adventures. Instead of cutting the waves for a direct home route—as they easily could have done, we are told—they preferred an exploration trip, intending to double every cape and indentation the shore might bring to sight. Keeping rather close to the shore they discovered, so it is related, a sandbank,—without, of course, coming into contact with it—whereupon they decided to land and explore the idyllic groves skirting the shores of the lake. (It must here be observed that the crew consisted exclusively of poets.) To make a long story short: A Spartan mother once told her son to come home either on the shield or with the shield. By a trifling change of this passage we get the motto of our gallant crew: Return either in the boat or with the boat.—Disregarding the rather copious amount of oxygen and hydrogen in their suits, a few blisters in their hands, and the dinner they missed, this crew had the most enjoyable expedition that day.

But to return with them the landing place. The day was spent in divers amusements. The class of '99 made it a point to supply very enjoyable music on the picnic grounds as well as on the way there and home again. Water, of course, was plentiful at the lake, but different other liquids



were also very liberally served. Bro. Victor especially was kept busy manufacturing lemonade.

The 5 P. M. train took the crowd back to Rensselaer, the home trip being in every respect very similar to the one in the morning. There was not a soul but re-entered the College with the satisfaction of having enjoyed a day the like of which Collegeville has as yet seldom seen.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.

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## LOCALS.

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Heat against heat!

A hot examination for the sake of reaction.

Prefect, make the study-hall a little cooler.

Don't be afraid of "tetra-hydrons" in geometry.

None of those dry jokes now!

They are too easily cracked.

Algebra-scholar: "Eight b's plus twenty b's make a swarm."—Teacher: "Yes, and you ten fellows are the drones."

It is rumored over the country that Scrootch and Barnum will enter into partnership.

"Ginger"—"snaps" all you need.

They say that Sylvester "turns out" a tennis player.—"A very wooden head then."—"Well?"

"Caveat emptor" is a legal phrase of which Mr. Ersing must be mindful when he buys hair-tonic. We think the red stuff is the safest.

The students of Commercial Law have made up their minds to take the pledge and afterward sell it at auction. There is money in that!

Mr. Fehrenbach considers the art studio "personal property."

Teacher: "How do you divide in Algebra?"—

Lazy scholar: "Invert the order and then the scholar looks on and the teacher multiplies."

The College Military Band has at last risen from its lethargy. The sweet music they produce nearly every night is for the benefit of the other students to make them forget their troubles and weariness and cares of life, and to enable them to study with more joy. This last purpose, however, the band cannot accomplish.

We expect some very beautiful and classical music on commencement day.

Mr. Koester, who on account of ill health spent two months at his parents' home in Missouri returned perfectly sound.

The Zouaves, the Military band, and the sailor boys attended the Decoration day services at Rensselaer. The band rendered some beautiful Dirges and the students "en ensemble" sang "Old Glory." The Squad was not allowed to fire a salvo over the graves of the old veterans as had been agreed upon, in consequence of which the program ended in an adjournment "en route."

Mr. Muinch hereby announces his retirement from public to private life. Do not look for his name in the local column anymore.

Cob, brush down those spider-webs.

A triangle that is not isosceles goes lame.

No ball game any more this season.

The second-base man caught a cold; gloves wanted.

Titus is going to pitch with a fork.

A good crop of hay expected!

Pentecost was properly celebrated at Collegeville this year. The choir ably assisted at solemn high-mass. Solemn vespers followed in the afternoon.

Although the Rev. Director of the choir suffers through an infection of his throat he ably supports the members.

On June 8th, the regular examinations began.

Cyc should be imprisoned for disturbing the students' peaceful sleep. On May 31st, he got up early in the morning, howled through the dormitories and even had the audacity to spit into the prefect's face when he rose to a point of order and tried to close the window.

The fountains of poetry are drying up at this hot season. Ripples of at most eight lines is all they can produce.

Pack-horses wanted by the students. Trunks are too much of an encumbrance.

Only a few more days  
And all is over.  
If that be the case,  
Then I am rover.

The grove on the south-west side of the college is more and more assuming the appearance of a park. It will form none of the least attractions for our visitors during Commencement week.

It is always a pleasure to find a man nowadays telling plain straight-forward facts. Mr. George E. Marshall, editor of an esteemed contemporary of ours, "The Rensselaer Semi-Weekly Repub-



lican'' belongs to this rare class of men. Though himself not a member of the Catholic Church he did not hesitate to speak the plain, unvarnished truth about that unpleasant Decoration day incident. We quote his remarks concerning the same:

''Regarding a universally deplored incident which abruptly ended the exercises before their conclusion we need only say at this time, that nothing ever occurred at any public occasion here, at least at any public patriotic occasion, which our citizens so unanimously regret.

''By the actions of a few persons the College Zouaves, on account of their religious belief, were prevented from firing the salute over the graves, and thus a public insult was put upon them and upon all other people of the Catholic faith.

''But the overwhelming sentiment of the people and also, we well know, of the Grand Army, condemns the insult and so far at least as the G. A. R. part is concerned, they will put their condemnation in effective form, by official action.''

We need but add that Mr. Marshall's remarks uttered in the two first paragraphs are quite true; and we hope that the G. A. R. will soon redeem their honor by a gentlemanly apology, thereby clearly demonstrating that the insult offered was not occasioned by nor consented to by the G. A. R. as such, but must be charged to the narrow-mindedness of a bigoted few.

We would kindly request our exchanges and subscribers not to put on their critical glasses upon receiving the tenth number of the COLLEGIAN. By the time the present number reaches them the

staff, with the exception of one member, will be eager to bid good bye to Alma Mater. Despite the most ardent affections toward the institution and despite the zealous interest the editors take in their journal, human experience teaches that as a very general thing toward the middle of June attractions from other quarters have the stronger pull. It may therefore happen that especially the literary department of the last number may be somewhat curtailed. However, we shall try to make up for the deficiency by the insertion of a number of half-tone illustrations which at the same time will appear in our catalogue.

Our catalogue is again being printed by Mr. Boni. Hemsteger, Piqua, O., and will soon make its appearance.

The this year's invitation cards printed by E. Wright, Phil., present a very tasteful and attractive appearance. We confidently expect that very many of our acquaintances, friends, and patrons will answer their call. They may be sure the entertainments, programs and exercises will be strictly first class. The English play, "Riche-lieu", to be rendered on Commencement eve, June 15th, promises to be a brilliant success. On the evening of the 16th, the German play, "Das Heiligthum Antiochien's" will again be presented. The Commencement exercises proper will take place in the forenoon of June 16th. The class-exercises consist of the valedictory by Mr. Felix T. Seroczynski, and the class-poem by Mr. Thomas P. Travers. The Baccalaureate Address by the Rev. H. Kroll of Ft. Wayne, Ind., will doubtlessly prove an enjoyable literary treat.

HERMAN FEHRENBACH, '98.

## ATHLETICS.

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Rensselaer, 16

S. J. C., 15

The College team met its first defeat of the season from Rensselaer. The game was an exciting one but loosely played. It was lost on errors in the ninth. After a bombardment on Rhoades in the eighth and ninth, Rensselear came to bat in their half and batted out three singles and a triple after three men should have retired. The only feature of the game was Diefenbach's home run with two men on bases in the third inning.

Score by innings:

College,	0	0	3	4	1	0	0	5	2	15
Rensselaer,	0	3	0	4	5	0	1	0	3	16

Batteries, Ley, Bremerkamp; Rhoades, Zie. Two-base hits, Travers, Arnold, A. Bremerkamp, Brinley. Home run, Diefenbach. Struck out, by Ley 5, by Rhoades 4. Base on balls, by Rhoades 4, by Ley 2. Double play, Sayler to Marshall; Middleton to Sayler to Marshall. Umpires, Goff and Kramer.

Rensselaer, 13

S. J. C., 11

On Wednesday, May 24th, the College nine received its second defeat from the boys of Rensselaer. The game was played better and was more interesting than the preceding one.

The college boys went to the grounds with a patched-up team. Travers being out of the game on account of an injury received in practice, let a big gap in the team. Holtschneider without being



acquainted with the position was sent to fill up the hole. Holtschneider played brilliantly up to the ninth inning when he let an easy grounder pass by, and the winning run crossed the rubber. The only feature of the game was "Jack" Montgomery's umpiring, which was of the "gilt-edge" order. The S. J. C. scored in the first inning with a single by Diefenbach, a stolen base on a single by Arnold. The second and third produced nothing. In the fourth the boys made Rhoades have that tired feeling by sending eight runs across the plate. Brinley relieved Rhoades in the fifth, and only two more runs were scored during the rest of the game. After seven runs had been scored off, Bremerkamp pitching, Kramer was sent to the box and only one single was made off his delivery.

The score:

S. J. C.		R. H. P. A. E.				
Wessel	2b.	1	0	2	1	0
Diefenbach	3b.	1	1	1	1	1
Arnold	1b.	0	1	13	0	0
O. Bremerkamp	r. f.	1	1	0	2	0
Kramer	l. f.&p.	1	1	2	2	0
Wahl	c. f.	2	0	1	0	0
Stoltz	c.	1	1	6	2	0
Holtschneider	s.s.	2	3	1	4	3
A. Bremerkamp	p.&l. f.	2	1	1	2	0
Total		11	10	27	14	4
Rensselaer						
Brinley	1b. & p.	2	2	5	3	0
Marshall	3b. & 1b.	1	2	8	2	1
Rhoades	p. & 3b.	2	1	2	4	0
Farcel	c.	2	0	4	0	1



Dabbelt	s. s.	Didier
Hoerstman	c.	Koenig
Theobald	p.	Monin

Score by innings, second game:

Victors	0	3	2	0	0	0	5	3	13
O. K.'s	0	4	6	0	0	2	0	2	14

Eagles, 14

S. J. C., 21

The Eagles received their fifth defeat from the S. J. C. on Monday, May 22nd.

Eagles	4	2	3	0	0	0	2	3	0	14
S. J. C.	4	1	1	0	2	2	0	11	0	21

Batteries, Stoltz, Bellersen; Ley, Wessel.  
Umpires, Koenig and Hoerstman.

#### TENNIS.

Sunday, May 21st, the first tennis tournament of the season was held on the tennis court of St. Aquino Hall. The players were Cyril Mohr and Vitus Schuette of St. Xavier Hall, and William Arnold and Anselm Bremerkamp of St. Aquino Hall. The game resulted in a victory for the latter. The games were well played throughout. Arnold's swift returns were the principal features. Bremerkamp's hand began to weaken in the last two games on account of an injury received a few days before. There will be two more contests before commencement. The following are the games won and lost in the three sets played:

	Sets:	1st	2nd	3rd
Mohr and Schuette,		5	6	3
Arnold and A. Bremerkamp,		6	3	6

JOHN W. WESSEL,

ANSELM A. BREMERKAMP.



### HONORARY MENTION.

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The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of May appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

#### 95-100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, C. Uphaus, E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, O. Holtschneider, C. Fralich, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, F. Theobald, L. Walther, C. Diemer, J. Steinbrunner, W. Keilman, A. McGill, J. Wessel, H. Muhler, P. Wahl, C. Wetli, A. Schlaechter, J. Braun, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, C. Hemsteger, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, W. Flaherty, F. Wagner, B. Hoerstman, L. Wagner, J. Naughton, C. Hils, T. Brackman, D. Brackman, E. Hefeale, H. Seiferle, B. Staiert, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, A. Schuette, L. Hoch, M. Schmitter, F. Steinbrunner, F. Didier.

#### 90-95 PER CENT.

G. Diefenbach, B. Nowak, O. Bremerkamp, S. Shenk, J. Trentman, C. Hepp, A. Junk, H. Fehrenbach, E. Deininger, V. Schuette, C. Faist, L. Linz, S. Meyer, D. Neuschwanger, R. Stoltz, C. Miller, B. Holler, R. Smith, E. Flaig, B. Scherzinger, C. Grube, R. Reineck, B. Alt.